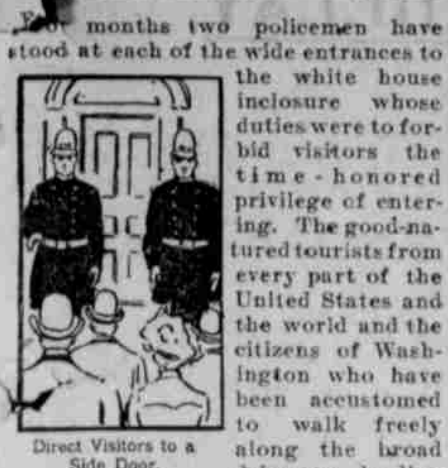


Gossip from the Solons and the Diplomats at Washington



Direct Visitors to a Side Door.

Two months two policemen have stood at each of the wide entrances to the white house inclosure whose duties were to forbid visitors the time-honored privilege of entering. The good-natured tourists from every part of the United States and the world and the citizens of Washington who have been accustomed to walk freely along the broad driveway leading to the executive mansion since the days of pretty and popular Dolly Madison, accepted the situation, for they saw workmen were busy with "improvements" on each side of the stately old mansion.

Those who had kept up with the appropriation bills knew that a large sum of money had been paid a swell New York architect to design improvements, and that a much larger sum had been allotted for the work involved in their execution.

The "improvements" progressed so slowly that the executive mansion was not ready for occupancy at the opening of the last session of the Fifty-seventh congress. However, matters were patched up, some "improvements" were curtailed and the official receptions, concerts, dinners, etc., have been held without let or hindrance. Diplomats, congressmen, the judiciary, the army and navy, and citizens have seen the president, his wife and the "improvements" officially and otherwise, but nothing has been able to silence the undercurrent of criticism rampant in Washington, all on account of the money wasted on the white house lot!

The upshot of it will be that a future congress will be asked to appropriate a large sum to improve the "improvements."

Inside the White House.

The two fine entrances to the white house that have been used by the people since the mansion was built are closed now to the public. The uniformed sentinels tell sightseers it is a "private entrance," and they are sent around to the side door, which admits them to a long corridor which extends from the wall of the old east room to the street. This corridor is anything but ornamental, and must have been built to balance the conservatory and office on the opposite side.

When, as you traverse this corridor, you get nearly in sight of the double stairway which leads to the east room, some of the paintings that used to hang in the suite of parlors become visible. Portraits of Mrs. Polk and Mrs. Tyler face each other in the costumes of their respective eras. Next, is the fine full length portrait of Mrs. Harrison. Opposite is the new portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt, painted by a French artist, whose name is in big letters on the massive gold frame. The portrait does not flatter the present First Lady, but is fairly good. The pose is easy and graceful. She is seated on a bench in the rear of the white house, and the beautiful Ionic columns which support the portico at the back of the house form an effective background.

Then you mount the steps, enter the "improved" east room, and especially miss the full length portraits of George Washington, Martha Washington and Abraham Lincoln that most appropriately hung there for the public to see. The old room is done up in white and gold. The elegant cut-glass chandeliers, bought for Nellie Grant's wedding, are the only things that look natural about it. Some large gilt candelabra have been added and a gilded grand piano.

Congress and all artistic Washington are scandalized. Alice Roosevelt is reported to have said that the colors and combinations in her room gave her the nightmare!

The entrances that admitted the public to the great park at the rear of the white house were closed during Cleveland's administration at the request of Mrs. Cleveland, because some of the newspaper reporters manufactured such absurd stories about Ruth when she was a baby. A fine view of this park is visible from the windows of the east room.

The New Executive Department.

The nomination of new Secretary of Commerce, Hon. George Bruce Cortelyou, was confirmed on the recommendation of Senator Depew, at once.

The department will have to rent rooms for the present. Later a suitable building will have to be erected, for all departments grow like Jack's beanstalk.

I remember when the department of agriculture became an fait accompli. Now it has a big building of its own,

two or three annexes, and two or three rented houses, all full of officials. Agricultural "scientists" swarm in Washington. They write elaborate treatises on "peach yellows," "scabs," "food adulterations," etc., etc. There are said to be some practical farmers among the lot, who know when to plant wheat and how to get the grass out of the cornfield, but they are in the minority. One of the most distinguished and energetic of these scientists has been experimenting with an eating class, rather running a scientific restaurant at Uncle Sam's expense, with 12 boarders who agree to eat borax and other sorts of "poison" in the "interest of scientific investigation."

If the department of commerce grows like its next youngest sister, the department of agriculture, J. Pierpont Morgan will soon have to make a more gigantic S. S. deal than he did last summer. Mr. Cortelyou has had experience under three administrations. He was first recommended to Mr. Cleveland as a stenographer by Mr. Bissell. Three months later he was promoted to executive clerk at the white house. President McKinley made him his assistant secretary in 1898, and on April 30, 1900, he succeeded John Addison Porter as secretary to the president. Mr. Cortelyou is a man of pleasing address, fine executive ability and naturally has an extended knowledge of public men and of human nature.

An Annex for the Lower House.

Before the Fifty-seventh congress rests from its labors, the magnificent marble capitol is going to be voted an annex. The members want more room. The senate has had an "annex" for years, and the members do not like to be outdone by the "upper house." So, something like \$3,000,000 will be appropriated to build on an adjacent lot to cost about \$750,000, a chaste, white marble edifice modeled somewhat after a Greek temple! Here office rooms and all sorts of conveniences are to be provided for the members. Uncle Joe Cannon saw the plans before he gave his approval to the scheme, for the white house "scandal" has taught many congressmen a lesson, by which Washingtonians hope they will profit. The man, or the party, that mars the symmetry, majesty and beauty of the splendid edifice on Capitol hill will suffer for it at the hands of the people, justly proud of a capitol building that ranks with any in the world! From the present outlook, the proposed house annex promises to be worthy of the location it will occupy.



Entrance to the New Annex.

A popular addition to the diplomatic corps will be Vicomte de Cambren, who has just been made an attache to the French embassy here. He is a great-grandson of Lafayette. He sails for this country March 7.

To Honor Smithsonian.

Congress has at last decided to erect a monument to the memory of James Smithsonian. His noblest memorial, however, must always be the Smithsonian Institution, one of the most beautiful public buildings of this city.

James Smithsonian died June 17, 1829, in Geneva, Switzerland. Three years before, in his last will, he bequeathed "the whole of his property to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

This bequest was contingent upon the death of Smithsonian's nephew, Henry James Hungerford. The young man died in 1835, and the will, as it affected the United States, became operative. Congress accepted the trust, and the entire fortune in British sovereigns was deposited in the Philadelphia mint.

April, 1846, congress passed an act to carry into effect the provisions of Smithsonian's will, and after much discussion itself appropriated money to erect the castellated building now known as the Smithsonian Institution. It has kept its place among the architectural beauties of Washington during the rapid growth of the capital. The building was modeled after the favorite country seat of the old earls of Northumberland.

The founder of the institution, James Smithsonian, was the natural son of the third duke of Northumberland and of Elizabeth Maule, a niece of the duke of Somerset. Mr. Smithsonian did not take his father's name until he had reached manhood. He was known for years as James Lewis Maule. He was a graduate of the Oxford university, where he took an honorary degree. He devoted himself to scientific pursuits. Denied a legitimate name in his youth, by his act of generosity toward the United States he has given the family name of the earls of Northumberland a world-wide reputation.

CHARLES EDWARD LLOYD.



Passed with Honors.

Examining Medical Professor—Now, sir, tell me how you would treat a case of typhoid fever.

Student—Well, sir, I should first—I should first—I—

E. M. P. (impatiently)—Yes, yes; go on.

Student (seized with brilliant idea)—I should first call you in for consultation.—Tit-Bits.

Its Rough Ending.

"I don't know what people mean," remarked the happy youth who had just been accepted, "in saying 'the course of true love never runs smooth.'"

"They mean, my boy," replied Henpeck, "that it usually ends in marriage."—Philadelphia Press.

Effective.

Bjorks—Do you believe in the possibility of the cure of disease by suggestion?

Bjorks—Why, certainly. I was feeling pretty sick last week, and my wife suggested that I go to a doctor and it cured me right away.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

He Never Smiled Again.

Borum—I say, Miss Sharp, what's the difference between a woman and a monkey?

Miss Sharp—What is the distance from your chair to mine?

Borum—Oh, about six feet. Miss Sharp—Well, that's the difference.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

In These Up-to-Date Times.

Mrs. Biffery Biff—You should be happy. You have such a kind husband.

Mrs. Quitem—Yes, I like him very much now, and we are getting along splendidly since we don't live together.—Chicago Journal.

Variations.

In this inventive age of ours, Where new ideas come, Our flat is filled with steamless heat Or else with heatless steam.—Brooklyn Life.

YOU BET SHE WON'T.



Mrs. Benham—The paper says that the average age of man and woman at death is greater than it used to be.

Benham—Yes, but woman won't own up to it.—N. Y. Herald.

A Sure Sign.

"I'm getting old! Two girls I know who soon will wed," said she, "Want me to act as bridesmaid. Oh! How withered I must be!"—Philadelphia Press.

Then He Tumbled.

Waggs—I was unconscious for nearly three hours yesterday afternoon.

Wiggs—Indeed! What was the cause?

Waggs—A fall.

Wiggs—How did you fall?

Waggs—Asleep.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why Should We?

She—Books, you know, are our best friends!

He—But I notice that some of the leaves have not been cut in the one you loaned me?

"Well, why should we cut our best friends?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Terrible Malady.

Farmer Honk—Deacon Klutchpenny ain't very liberal, is he?

Farmer Buckover—Nope; he seems to be sufferin' most of the time, from lockjaw of the pocket book.—Puck.

A Heavenly Match.

Husband (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in Heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody.

Wife (calmly)—Order is Heaven's first law.—N. Y. Weekly.

One Way.

"Brother Williams, did you ever sell a vote?"

"No, suh; but I hez many a time found a dollar where the wise canditates lost it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Stupid Man.

She (over 'phone)—Those wrappers I spoke of are more expensive than I thought—\$8.98 and \$10.98. One is made of French flannel and the other of lady's cloth, but they're both pretty.

He—But which is the more expensive?

She—Why, the \$10.98 one, of course Stupid!—Philadelphia Press.

Looking Forward.

When 1933 shall come, We wonder will it be They'll praise the simple lives we led Way back in 1903.—N. Y. Sun.

JUVENILE CURIOSITY.



Proud Father—Do you know, my boy, that a large stork has brought you a little sister for a present? Would you like to see her?

Boy—No—but I'd like to see the stork.—Ally Sloper.

Ambition.

We start out to conquer fortune—Yes, and fame—but time reveals That we learn to be contented If we get our clothes and meals.—N. Y. Herald.

The Mean Old Thing!

Mrs. Hempstead (petulantly)—So you would like me to go calling on the Meadowbrooks? Why, I haven't got a rag to my name to wear!

Hempstead—That's queer! What's become of them? You told me the other day you had nothing but rags!—N. Y. Times.

Wise Beyond His Years.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, who had been describing a warship to the class, "how is the deck divided?"

"A deck is divided," replied the bright boy, "into spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs."—Philadelphia Press.

A Shade Too Yielding.

Binks—Why so gloomy?

Jinks—My wife let me have the last word in an argument this morning.

"What of that?"

"That shows that she is going to do as she pleases, anyhow."—N. Y. Weekly.

Great Reforms.

"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"

So warbled a dame with zest quite divine. Then retorted the man, with the wickedest gleam,

"The girls that kiss poodles shall never kiss me."—N. Y. Herald.

KNEW HER HISTORY.



Miss Maria—There's the cat that took three medals for best pedigree at the cat show last week.

Mrs. Maria—Pedigree! Why, I knew her mother when she used to catch rats in Perkins' barn. And her father! He was shot three years ago for stealing chickens.—N. Y. Sun.

Happy Thought.

Whenever I look at strawberries nowadays, Sent from the south, in some cold storage car, And note the price, I recollect with joy How very indigestible they are!—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Very Unfeminine.

"Ethel is such a manly sort of girl!"

"Oh, very. Why, when a burglar got into her house last week she crawled under the bed instead of tackling him!"—Judge.



LITTLE MILLIONAIRES.

Twenty little millionaires Playing in the sun; Millionaires in mother-love, Millionaires in fun, Millionaires in leisure hours, Millionaires in joys, Millionaires in hopes and plans, Are these girls and boys.

Millionaires in health are they, And in dancing blood, Millionaires in shells and stones, Sticks and moss and mud; Millionaires in castles In the air, and worth Quite a million times as much As castles on the earth.

Twenty little millionaires, Playing in the sun; Oh, how happy they must be, Every single one! Hardly any have they, But in every lovely thing Multimillionaires. —Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Youth's Companion.

A FUNNY INSTRUMENT.

It Is Called the Tubophone and Is Made Entirely of Pasteboard Wrapping Rolls.

The tubophone is a musical instrument very much like an xylophone. The latter, as you know, consists of a number of bars of wood or metal of different sizes, each of which gives its own peculiar note when it is struck.

The tubophone is easier to construct. All you need to make one is a number of stiff pasteboard tubes each as used for mailing some illustrated periodicals. If you cannot buy the tubes at the stationer's it is an easy matter to make them by bending wet pasteboard about a round stick and gluing it together. You will want at least eight tubes. The diameter of all should be the same and the lengths should be 18, 16, 14, 12, 10, 8, 6, 4, 2, and 1 inches. Having cut the tubes to these lengths you will find, on holding them in turn lightly by the middle and striking them with your finger that the shortest tube gives a hollow sound which is just an octave higher than the sound given by the longest tube and that the others give the intermediate notes of the major scale. That is if you call the longest tube C (though it may not be in tune with C on your piano) the others will be D, E, F, G, A, B, and C the octave of C. Or you may call them do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si and mark them either with these names or the letters. Lay the tubes in order on the table and fasten them together with two cords (of silk, if possible), in the following manner:

Tie one end of each cord together, put the longest tube between the cords close to the knot and tie the cords together again on the other side of the tube. Then make another knot a half inch further along the cords before you tie in the second tube. The idea is to have two knots



PLAYING THE TUBOPHONE.

and a little cord between each two tubes to keep them well apart. This is for the middle cord or cords. For those at the ends of the tubes one knot between each two tubes will suffice. In the same way fasten two wooden rods, which are to serve as handles, to the longest and shortest tubes or better tie the rods in at once when you put the tubes together. Now your tubophone is complete. For a hammer nothing can be better than a cork stick on the end of a knitting needle or a light rod. The instrument may be held with one hand and played with the other, but it is better to fasten the end rods to the backs of two chairs so that the whole apparatus is horizontal and you can play with both hands if you please.

The sound made by a paper tube does not seem very musical, but a tune played rapidly on a number of tubes has a very good effect. The eight tube instrument will do for a number of simple tunes, but you can increase its range by adding a few tubes at each end. The shortest of the eight tubes is half as long as the longest and gives the octave of the note of the longest. So the next note, the octave of D, requires a tube eight inches long (half the length of the next to the longest). The next would be 7 3/4, the next 6 3/4 and so on.

To extend the series at the other end we need tubes of 19, 21 1/2 inches and so on. Again, a 12 1/2 inch tube inserted between F and G gives F sharp and a 10 1/2 inch tube between A and B gives B flat. The addition of these will enable you to play in two more keys (G and F) and to play tunes with some "accidentals."—Brooklyn Eagle.

TALLEST OF ANIMALS.

When Full-Grown the Giraffe Reaches a Height of Twenty Feet, Most of it Being Neck.

I wonder how many of you boys and girls have seen a giraffe. Here is the picture of one, which will give you some idea of how they look.

The giraffe is found in different parts of Africa. It is the tallest of all wild animals and when full grown reaches to the height of 18 or 20 feet. Its great height is mostly due to the long neck which it has. The giraffe feeds upon the leaves of trees which it finds no trouble in reaching, but it rarely at-



A FULL-GROWN GIRAFFE.

tempts to pick up food from the ground. Its color is usually a light-fawn marked with darker spots, and passes into white on the under parts and some portions of the limbs. The legs are long and slender, and the feet have cloven hoofs. It is not easily overtaken by a fleet horse, and has a great advantage over a horse on uneven ground. The pace of this peculiar animal is described as an amble, as the legs of the same side move at the same time.

The giraffe is not fierce like the lion and tiger, and when captured becomes very gentle and playful. In habits it is much like the deer, of which you children may have seen a great many. Its eyes are very large and lustrous, and are so placed that the animal can look all around without turning its head; so that in its wild state it is not easily approached. A great many zoological gardens have the giraffe among their collections of wild animals. They are fed chiefly upon hay placed in high racks. They greatly enjoy carrots and onions, and a lump of sugar is a favorite tid-bit for them. The flesh of the giraffe is said to be very pleasant to the taste, and its marrow is considered a great delicacy by the natives of Africa.—Welcome.

WANTED JOB AS BOSS.

True Story of an Earnest Boy Who Is Sure to Make a Success of Himself.

A bright, persevering lad on the search for work is not to be discouraged by repeated failures. He will keep on trying, and will be valuable in any position in proportion to the perseverance and ingenuity he has shown in obtaining it. An illustration of this appears in the experience of a boy of 14, who applied unsuccessfully at quite a number of places finally went into a shipping house, and catching the eye of the proprietor, made bold to accept him as follows:

"Do you want a boss, mister?"

"What!" exclaimed the proprietor, surprised out of his self-control.

"Well, sir, I've been looking for something to do for three weeks now, and nobody wants a boy, so today I thought I'd see if somebody didn't want a boss. I'd like to be a boss."

"Well, well! That's not bad. Are you willing to work up to the job? It took me 25 years to get it."

"Deed I am, sir, if you'll only give me the chance."

To-day an earnest boy in jumper and overalls is struggling with bundles and packing cases in the shipping-room of the concern. He intends to be boss of the establishment before his side whiskers, which have not yet started, are as gray as those of the present incumbent.

A was his chance, with his energy and affairs in his favor.—King's

Parrot.

After the battle

show her

show her

show her

show her

show her

show her

show her

show her

show her

show her

show her

show her